

The Butler Weekly Times.

VOL. 1X.

BUTLER, MISSOURI, WEDNESDAY MARCH 30 1887

NO. 18

Time Table Mo. Pacific R. R.

(LEXINGTON & SOUTHERN BRANCH.)

Commencing Sunday, May 10th, and until further notice, trains will leave Butler as follows:

GOING NORTH.

No. 124—Texas Express.....4:45 A.M.
" 126—K. C. Express.....7:55 P.M.
" 134—Accommodation.....8:00 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 124—Texas Express.....9:14 P.M.
" 126—K. C. Express.....11:40 A.M.
" 129—Accommodation.....8:55 A.M.

GOING WEST.

No. 145—Passenger.....11:50 A.M.
" 147—Accommodation.....9:50 A.M.

GOING EAST.

No. 146—Passenger.....7:35 P.M.
" 148—Accommodation.....3:10 P.M.

All passenger trains make direct connection for St. Louis and all points east Texas and all points south, Colorado, California and all points west and north-west. For rates and other information apply to E. K. CARNES, Agent.

Secret Societies.

MASONIC.
Butler Lodge, No. 254, meets the first Saturday in each month.

Miami Chapter Royal Arch Masons, No. 76, meets second Thursday in each month.

Goulery Commandery Knights Templar meets the first Tuesday in each month.

I.O.O.F. FELLOWS.
Bates Lodge No. 180 meets every Monday night.

Butler Encampment No. 76 meets the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

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DENTIST.

BUTLER, MISSOURI.

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T. W. SILVERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Office—East Side Square, over Max Weiner's,

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THE NEW SOUTH AND THE OLD

A Times Correspondent's Visit from Birmingham to St. Augustine.

St. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, }
March 21, 1887.

To understand the seeming paradox of surpassing enterprise in the South, famed for the languorous effect of its climate, a visit just at this time suffices for a close observer. Birmingham, Chattanooga and Atlanta, the cities now growing most rapidly, have only five months of really hot weather—never hotter than Minneapolis in mid-summer and while the temperature in winter, some times reaches zero, there is but little time when outdoor work may not be performed. For the past week I have found my overcoat a necessity. Cultivated indolence is a more correct term for a frequent ailment here than the common one of climatic enervation.

I left New Orleans on Monday, one week ago, after a most pleasant visit of three weeks, stopping first at Birmingham, Ala. This city is 140 miles southeast of Chattanooga, Tenn., situated on low ground, surrounded by high hills, called mountains, and not near to any stream. The surrounding country is sparsely settled and unproductive. The resources of the town are iron and coal. Upon this basis there has been built up in fifteen years a city of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and streets and lots are laid out far enough to accommodate more than one million people. Much exaggeration has been indulged concerning the price of property. Fact is, the highest bona fide sale yet made was for \$1,000 per front foot, and the highest price now asked is only \$1,400. Residence property within one mile of the court house may be bought for as low as five dollars per front foot and as high as \$400, or from \$500 to \$40,000 per lot. The town is too young to be beautiful; it is just the opposite, but has wide streets, well laid out, though yet unpaved. The great blast furnaces are most interesting. I saw one furnace cast twenty tons of molten iron into the pig moulds, and it does this six times per day. Coke and lime rock are fed with the ore into the furnaces, which have rushing currents of hot air forced through them. I also went through the rolling mills, where the pig iron is heated white in puddling furnaces and then rolled into sheet iron, bars, rods, etc. Birmingham will continue to grow, but not for many years can property be worth what is now asked for it. Working men say that wages are low and living high. Next in importance to the iron industry is the real estate business. Birmingham has few show windows; the majority of fronts are fenced in as real estate offices.

Chattanooga, too, has about 30,000 people, but is not growing as fast as its rival. Still it is making rapid strides forward. Real estate is high but within the bounds of reason. The adjacent country is perhaps better than in the case of Birmingham, but not excellent. Here, too, are great iron industries; beside, there are manufactories of many kinds common to great cities, and the especial advantage of river facilities, the Tennessee being navigable here and much further up. Many important railroads centers here, and others are being built. Of the two cities Chattanooga will surely make the larger. Its future is most bright. Here went through the steel mill, noting the process of converting pig iron into steel by submitting the molten iron to a blast so furious that it leaves the converter in a liquid state, running like water, the carbon and impurities being burned out; watching the rolling of

the steel into plates and then the feeding of the plates into the nailing machines, whence comes the nails ready for the carpenter's hammer.

I climbed up Lookout Mountain and from the precipitous point viewed the cultivated fields on the mountain side, one time the contested ground of fierce battle. At the foot of the mountain is the apex of the great Moccasin bend in the Tennessee river; to the right, on the river bank, the city; further on, Missionary ridge, and in the distance the battle field of Chickamauga. To the left is the elevation where Hooker made his headquarters, and back on the mountain, rifle pits and breast-works yet distinct. I cut a cane on top of the mountain. By this time cable cars are running up the incline seven-eighths of a mile, to the foot of the point, but I had to climb up and down. Circling the mountain top a dummy line is being built, and a regular railway is projected to come up from the rear, which, when completed will allow the sleeping car passenger from New York to stop off at point without changing cars. Land, or rather rock, on the mountain side is valued at \$1,200 per acre. Well, indeed, may Lookout Mountain become a great pleasure resort, for, aside from its historic associations, it is delightfully picturesque. Before leaving the city I visited other points of interest, chief of which is the National cemetery, prettier, I think, than Chalmette.

Atlanta, Ga., is outside the iron region, but has cotton and other factories. Having been through the large cotton factory at Evansville, Ind., a number of years ago, when corresponding for a St. Louis trade journal, I did not care to go into these mills. Atlanta has now 60,000 people. It is a beautiful city, although not on a watercourse. Some of its buildings are quite fine; one, a hotel, or seven stories; and as a residence highway Peachtree street is the most attractive I ever saw outside the great cities. The new capitol building will be an honor to the State when completed. Grant park is much like Forest park in St. Louis. At one corner is Fort Walker, near which Gens. McPherson and Walker fell at the battle of Atlanta. The fortifications beyond are hardly injured by time. Still, at all these places, it is hard to realize that the battles of history have been fought.

Savannah, Ga., on the river of that name, is eighteen miles from the seashore. It, too, is a growing city, although its appearance indicates anything else. The population is about 40,000. Atlanta's streets are paved; the city in fact resembles Kansas; Savannah has only a few paved streets; the rest are sand, deep and dirty. But Savannah has a charm of its own. The streets alternate broad and narrow and have great arching rows of live oaks their full length. Bull street widens into a public square every second block, and opens into Forsythe park, where tall pines, live oaks, magnolias and smaller trees and plants are naturally mingled in semi-tropical luxury. Along this street are four fine monuments—to Gen. Nathaniel Green, Gen. Gordon, Pulaski and the Confederate dead. The buildings are mostly old; fine for their day but behind this age. Withal, Savannah does a large business and is second as a cotton port to New Orleans only.

Jacksonville, Fla., has now perhaps 20,000 people. It is quite a commercial place; streets of sand; buildings mostly new and some quite fine. The St. Johns river is brackish, although twenty-five miles from the ocean. It is a noble stream. This is a great winter resort, and hotels thrive. Three of them have room for over 500 guests each, at four to six dollars per day. Others

at not much lower prices swell the hotel capacity of the city to perhaps 5,000.

But what of the old South? Well, I have come to it at last, and yet the new is here too, for St. Augustine is growing! There are 10,000 inhabitants here and the new town is as large as the old. Traversing the comically narrow streets with their houses with overhanging balconies, one comes to the plaza, and at one side of it entering the old Cathedral, reads the inscription above a painting: "First mass in St. Augustine, 1565." The Cathedral itself is very old, but much repaired. On the opposite side of the plaza is old Trinity Episcopal church, and at various other places buildings that bear marks of long standing. Treasury street is only seven feet wide. The plaza opens on Mantanzas river, an arm of the sea. Steam yachts, sail boats or row boats carry one across this to Anastasia island, where a queer sort of tram car continues to the light house and then a short walk reveals the ocean. I sauntered along the beach for hours, searching among the millions of shells for particularly pretty ones, and watching the tide come in—seeing the white-capped waves roll and break shimmering on the sand.

To-day, at the barracks, I met Lieut. Hoyle, former adjutant of West Point, Lieut. Conklin, class of '84 and Lieut. Wilcox, class of '85, each of whom I remembered with kindest sentiment; and I cannot refrain speaking my grateful pleasure occasioned by their courtesies to me. Lieut. Conklin is in charge of the Apache Indians confined in Fort Marion, and at his instance I was permitted to go within the fort. I found nearly 500 warriors, squaws and papooses, bronze, painted and dirty, of much less interest than the fort itself—one of the oldest and the largest relic of the Spanish regime. The Indians are encamped in tents within it. I went into the dungeons, where no ray of light penetrates, and in the farthest of which when discovered were found two skeletons chained to the wall.

To conclude with the new. Standard Oil magnates are pushing improvements that will aggregate \$4,000,000, chief of which is the Ponce de Leon hotel, now nearing completion, at a cost of \$2,000,000. The pay-roll on this building is \$1,400 per day. It is built of a cement and coquina (shells) concrete, terra cotta and pressed brick, and will be fire-proof. From its dome I photographed in my memory the quaint old city, the river and island, and the ocean as far as the eye could reach.

R. W. PEACH.

A Horrible Fate for 260 Tramps.

San Francisco, Cal., March 24.—The steamer Belgie arrived to-day from China and Japan and brought news of a dreadful tragedy at Heja Shib Chen, China, 20 miles northeast of Hongbow. Over 300 tramps appeared in the village and greatly irritated the inhabitants. The villagers inveigled the whole body into a temple, and during the night set fire to it. Only forty of the occupants of the building escaped. The remainder were burned to death.

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GEO. E. CATTERLIN

DEPUTY

County Surveyor

AND

CIVIL ENGINEER.

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